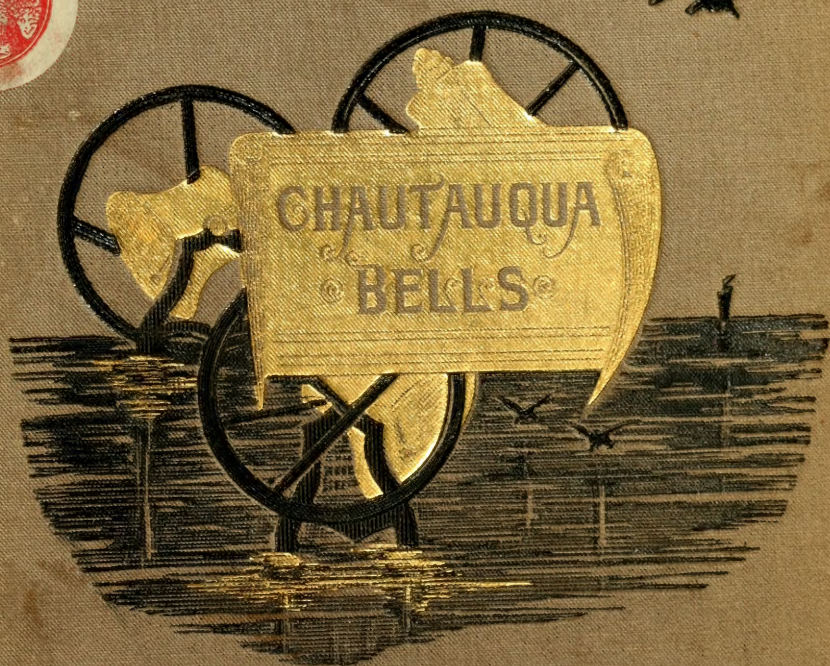


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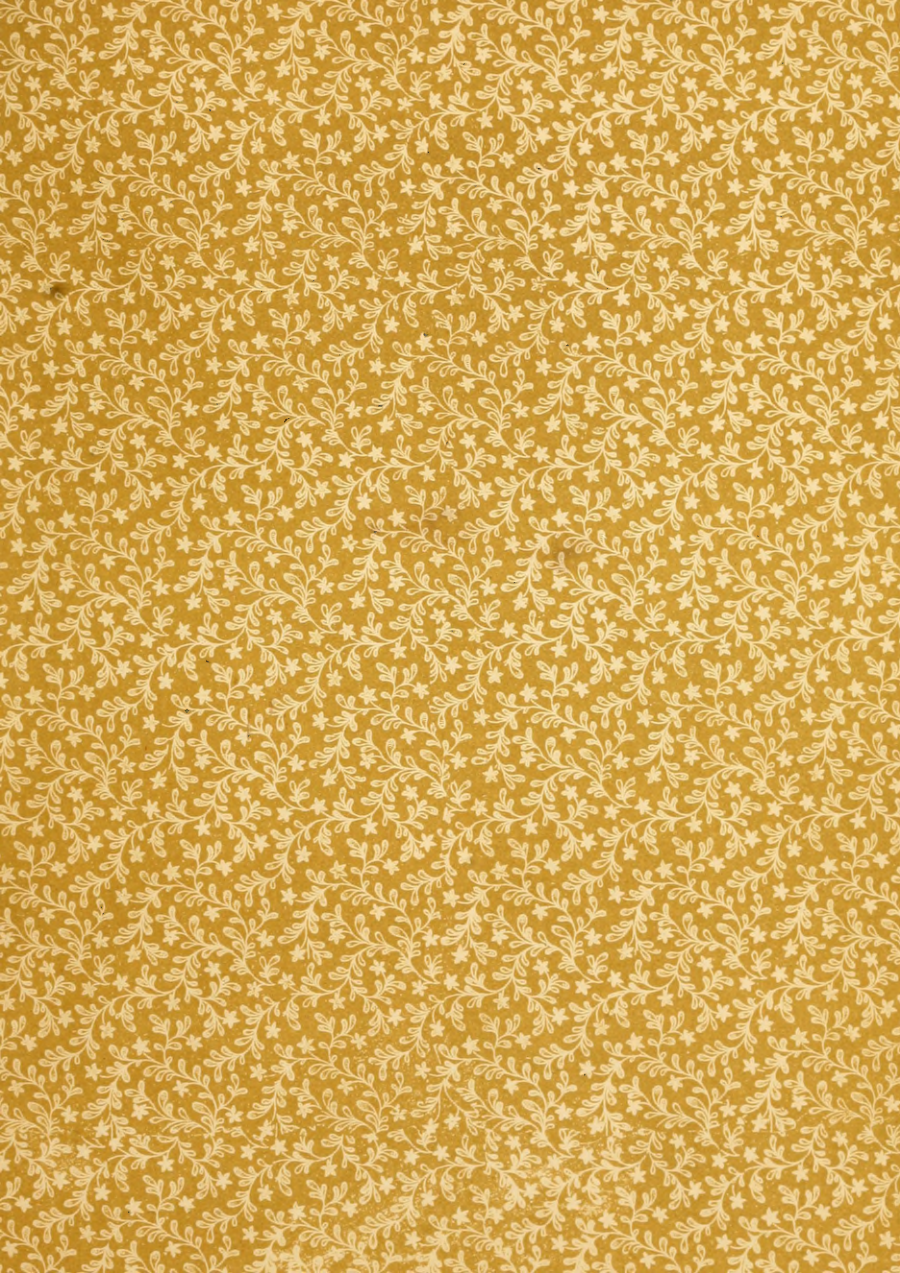
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# Chautauqua Bells;

a

Reminiscence of Pleasant Visits

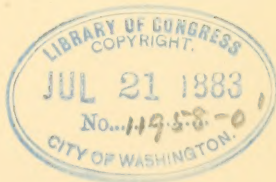
to

Chautauqua, Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.

By Chas. W. Sykes,

(Chicago, Ill.)

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Fairbanks, Palmer & Co.

Chicago and New York.

1883.

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The following lines are cordially dedicated to

Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D.,

whose energy and Christian zeal have made

Chautauqua,

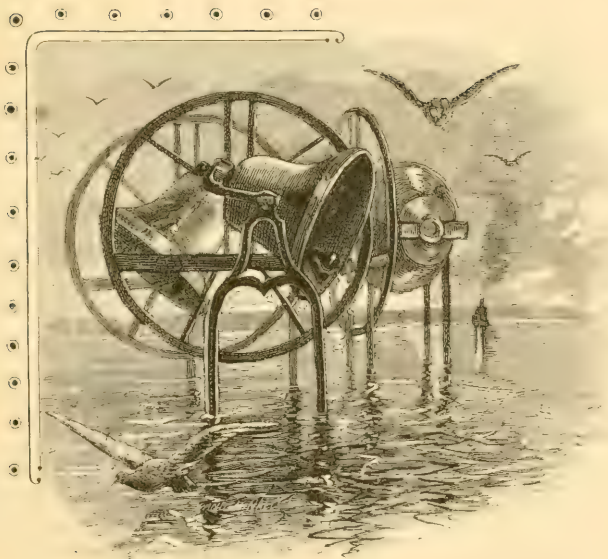
with its beautiful scenery, its complete  
equipment as a summer resort, and its  
famous

“Chautauqua Bells,”

the synonym of all that is delightful to thou-  
sands of grateful guests.

C. W. G.





Chautauqua bells! Chautauqua bells!  
How gloriously your music swells  
O'er hill and dale, and lake and lea,  
Filling heaven's dome with harmony.





The sun-lit waves, the balmy breeze,  
The verdant glebe, the forest trees,  
Entranced, drink in thy dulcet song,  
While echoing shores thy tones prolong.



*A*t early dawn ye greet the day,  
And with the glad birds' roundelay,  
Make each new summer morning rise  
Like a sweet dream of Paradise.



The passing hours of prayer and praise  
Are marked by thee with solemn lays;  
The coming and departing guest  
Alike with thy sweet tones is blest.





Fair morning, noon, and shadowy night,  
Thou fillest with a strange delight;  
O sweet-toned bells! Chautauqua bells!  
No language half thy music tells.



Under the magic of thy chimes,  
We dream of those enchanted climes  
Where each blest hour of endless day,  
In blissful joy shall pass away.



Ring on, oh bells! Chautauqua bells!  
From out thy sweet-voiced tones there wells  
A sweeter voice, that lures my soul  
To the fair land—my soul's blest goal.





“In that fair land,” that sweet voice tells,  
“There are no tears, no parting knells;”  
There earth-tried souls with peace are crowned,  
And everlasting joys abound.

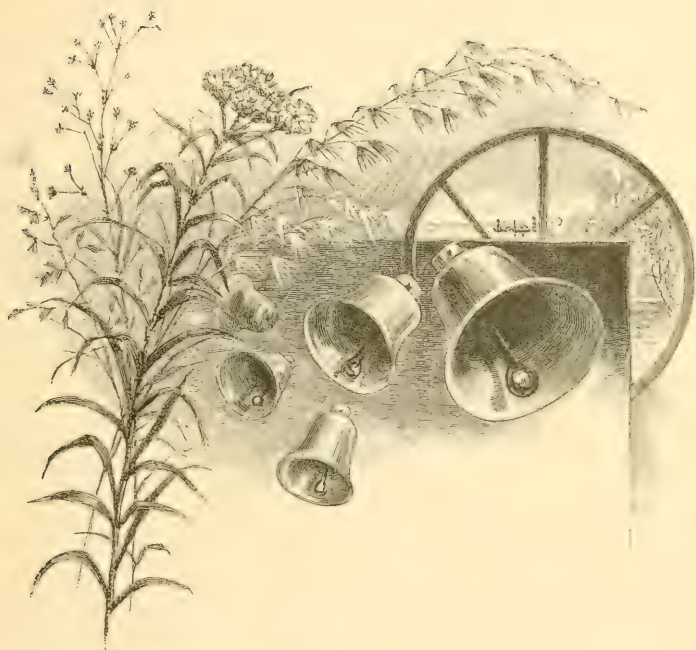


**R**ings on, oh bells! rings, peal on peal!  
Already doth my glad soul feel  
The ecstasy of the blest climes  
I've heard revealed in thy sweet chimes.



And when, Chautauqua bells, I've done  
With earthly scenes, and Heaven is won,  
And its glad music o'er me swells,  
I'll think of thee, Chautauqua bells!





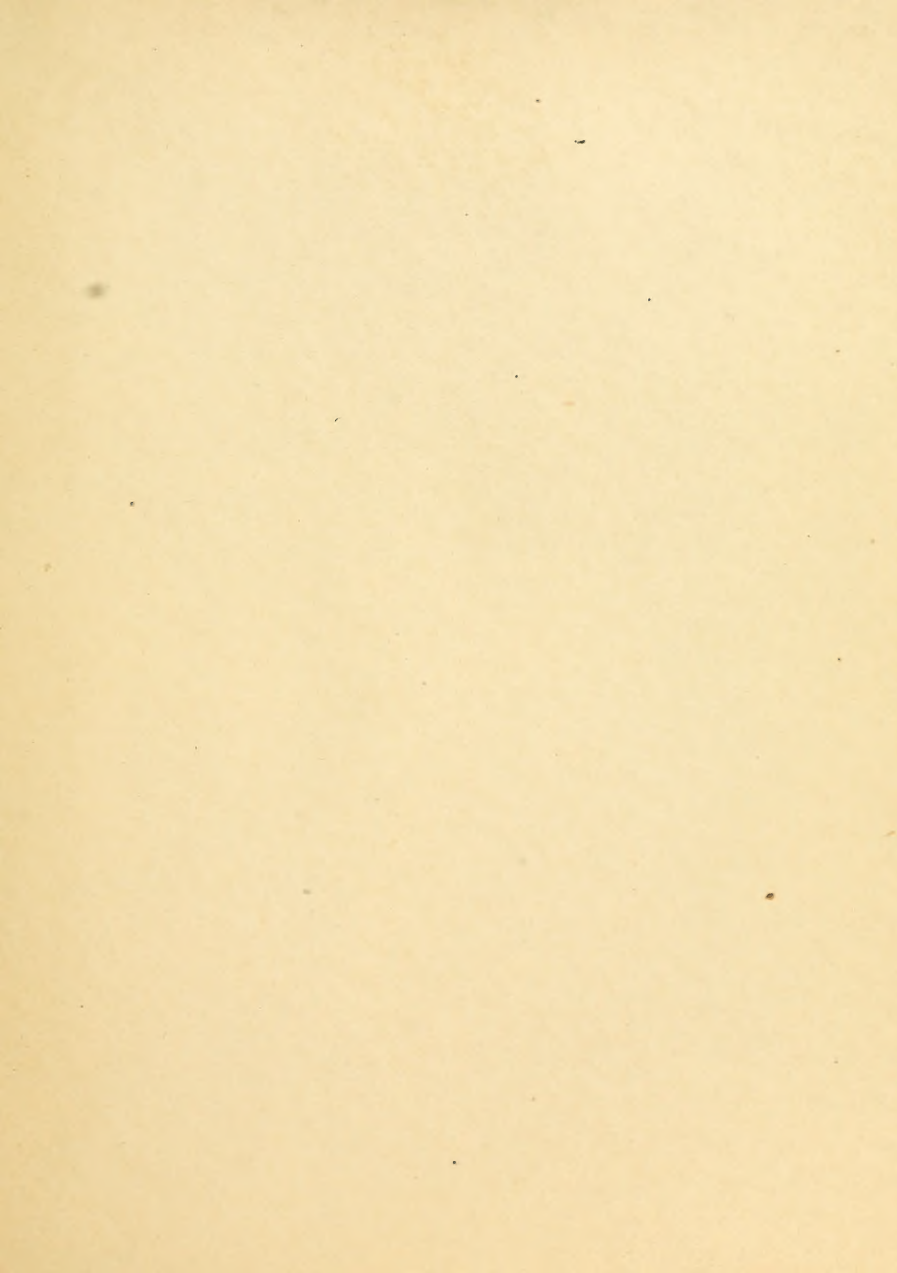
Chautauqua bells! Chautauqua bells!  
In memory now thy music dwells;  
And each glad peal to memory tells,  
“Chautauqua bells! Chautauqua bells!”











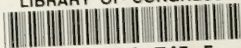








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